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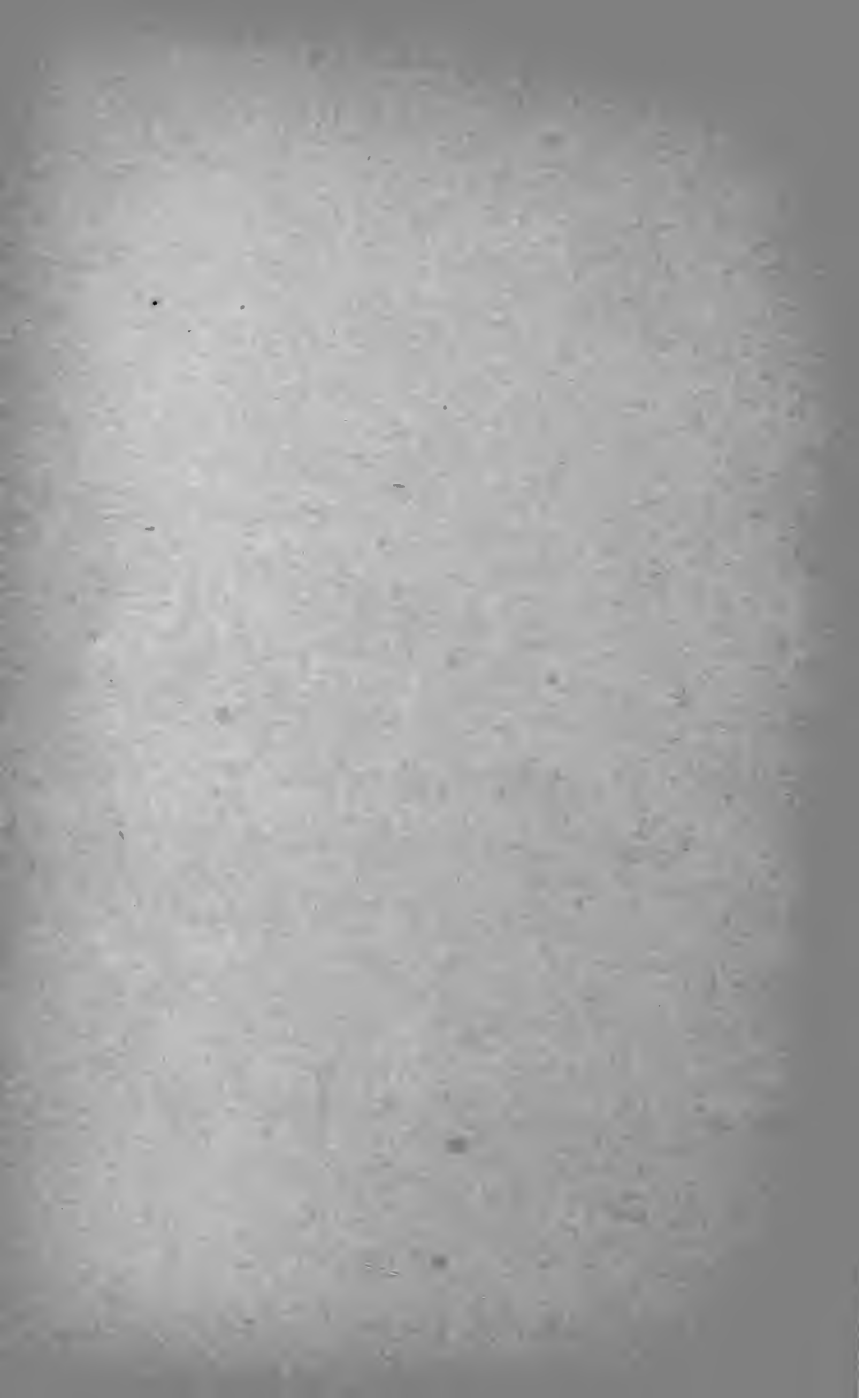


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POEMS

TRANSLATED FROM THE

SPANISH AND GERMAN

BY

✓
HENRY PHILLIPS JR

“Das Schöne blüht nur im Gesang”—SCHILLER

PHILADELPHIA

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* For these songs the translator has composed music.

POEMS FROM THE SPANISH.

P O E M S .

ODE ON THE RUINS OF ITALICA.

(DE RIOJA.)

Those dreary solitudes which now you view,
Alas, my Fabius, with regretful eye ;
Those long-lost ruins, filled with herbage new,
And hidden from the gaze of passers by,
Were once a beauteous city, of noted fame,
Old Seville, or Italica, its name.
Here, Scipio's might a conquering colony placed,
Here, Scipio's hand the wall's foundation traced,
Of which not even ashes *now* remain—
An object, first of dread, then of disdain !
Nor yet a shattered fragment can we find,
Nor relic of its world-enslaving kind ;
No signs are left to lure the traveler nigh
Where disembodied ghosts of Romans fly ;
Where shades released from Pluto's dread domain
Revisit both the forum and the fane ;
Where the athletes were wont to show their skill,
And where the Thermæ stood, near yon pure rill ;
And find no vestige, and their loss complain.
The lofty battlements that beat the sky,
At their own base in dusty powder lie.
Torn into million atoms, long dispersed,
Here stood the playhouse of those gods accursed ;
Whose fearful fall that row of quickset shows,
How great 'twas *once*, and how much less its close.
Ah, wicked Time, say, wilt thou *ne'er* repose ?

And where, within that ground's uncertain trace,
Are those who did the games' assemblage grace?
Where are the wrestlers, crowned for many a feat?
And where the lovers of the bold athlete?
All, all have sunk to sleep at Fortune's hest,
The merry triflers long since gone to rest,
To silence changing words—*once*, ah, how sweet!

But even in Time's ravages we find
A melancholy pleasure for the mind;
For though the eyes on saddening objects cast,
Within the soul speaks out the dreamy past,
Of all their first condition and their last!
For here was born that thunderbolt of war,
His country's Father, and the honor of Spain,
Trajan, before whose ever glorious car
Abashed and trembling stood the earth and main;
That earth o'er which he stretched his potent might,
That realm o'er which the sun ne'er sank his light;
From Orient, where the day god's chariot bright
Rolled, where the Hyperboreans watched the night.
'Twas here, rocked in a cradle's golden bound,
Great Theodosius passed his infant days,
And *Ælius* childhood's early pleasures found,
And *Silius*, the poet, learned his lays.

These gardens often saw the champions crowned
With meed of laurel, and sweet jasmin bound
Their temples, like a diadem around.

Here, erst the roses bloomed and lilies grew,
Here, erst the bee from bud to blossom flew;
Naught now is here save a foul, stagnant pond,
And many a row of brambles far beyond.

The house where once great Cæsar loved to dwell,
Is now of reptiles vile the home and cell.
Their weblike tapestry the spiders make,
And screech-owls' hootings on the silence break.
Houses and gardens, Cæsar, *all* have fled;
No memory haunts the spot, *save of the dead!*

If you, my Fabius, can your grief allay,
Think where yon crowded streets once led the way!
Think on the daily throng that through them pressed,
Matrons and senators, diversely dressed;
The knight and beggar, miser, spendthrift, sire,
Beings once filled with the Promethean fire;
The noble palaces, the arcs of glory,
The statues carved by hands *now* famed in story.
The sure Nemesis, dealing many a wound,
O'erthrew their structures, razed them to the ground,
And buried deep within the sheltering earth,
Those scenes of misery, toil, affection, mirth.
And so, the wanderer on the plains of Troy,
Will find but little there to raise his joy,
Peopling the ground with forms that once it knew—
Alas, there's nothing *now* to strike the view!
And even thou, Mistress of Cities, Rome,
Art but a shadow of thy former home!
Of thee, great nurse of gods and kings of fame,
But scanty are thy relics—scarce thy name!
And now, of what avail those laws severe,
By Pallas once ordained to Athens dear?
Which to her offspring down the goddess sent,
With which a thousand years they were content.
Their neighbors to procure them strove in vain,
And how has it availed them to obtain?

That spot but yesterday had rulers just;
 'Tis now a wilderness of shades and dust.
 For death and destiny are surely blind,
 Nor will they spare a brave or learned mind,
 Nor rich, nor poor, nor man, nor womankind!

* * * * *

But yet, 'tis said that smoke's disclosed to sight,
 That yet, to village eyes, the flame burns bright,
 That wafted on the wings of pitying night,
 The voices of the dead return to light.
 Such power has superstition o'er the will
 The neighbors say that ghosts yet haunt that hill;
 That at the midnight hour, when Nature sleeps,
 A voice is heard of one who bitter weeps,
 Crying "*Italia's fallen*;" and the echoes 'round
 Ring through the woods the dreary, mournful sound,
 And all the welkin answers back the note,
 While all the wood nymphs murmur with sad throat,
 And ghosts in countless myriads swell the strain,
 Rêechoing far and wide the drear refrain.
 So still among the people low the glories of past days remain!

* * * * *

—:O:—

HOW GAZUL SLEW THE BRIDEGROOM OF ZAIDA.

High in heaven rode the love star,
 Sank the day god's steeds to rest,
 Sombre night with gloomy pinions
 Shrouded nature 'neath her vest.
 With the night a Moor outsallied,
 Fierce as Rodamont, and bold,

Seeking balm for his deep sorrows,
Where the open plains unfold ;
Where swift Guadalete enters
Castile's ocean, and the name
Of "Our Lady of the Harbor"
Glow with never dying fame.
Fell despair his soul held captive,
For, though sprung from noblest race,
His once love now loathed and spurned him—
Poverty his sole disgrace.
And this night she was to marry
With a Moor of hideous mien,
Who, forsooth, kept ward o'er Seville,
Lord of many a rich demesne.
Bitter groans burst from his bosom
At a deed so mean and vile ;
None save echo knew his torments,
And kept mocking him the while.
"Zaida," cried he, "savage art thou
As yon sea which 'gulphs our treasure ;
Flinty-hearted, stony-bosomed,
Caring only for thy pleasure.
Where have fled your soft professions ?
Was there falsehood in your charms ?
Shall a stranger, rude, presumptuous,
Dare to clasp thee in his arms ?
Tell me, have such beauteous maidens
Less compassion than an oak ?
Can they no more feel *our* sufferings
Than *it* pain at axe's stroke ?
You desert the noble Gazul,
You despise his long tried flame,

And you wed with Albenzaide,
Whom you barely know by name.
For one rich in filthy lucre
Love's pure gem you have disdained,
Sold for dresses, gauds and jewels,
Sadly you my heart have pained.
Allah grant, ungrateful sorceress,
He shall hate, and you adore ;
And with jealous, biting tortures
Him oft absent shall deplore.
And at home that you shall loathe him,
And with quiet ne'er be blest,
Slumber ne'er shall calm your sorrows,
Ne'er to you shall sleep bring rest.
And when braves to tourney gallop,
None shall call himself your knight,
Wear your scarf upon his helmet,
Wave your broidered glove to light.
May your knight prove unsuccessful,
If you any e'er can find ;
May he lose his arms and courser,
E'en the love knot which you bind.
May you dread to see the recreant,
Base supporter of your fame,
May you never hear loud praises
Bear on high your champion's name.
And if hate arise in wedlock,
May you live a thousand year ;
But if love you bear your husband,
May you see him on his bier.
May you meet with this misfortune,
'Tis of human ills the worst—
Allah, grant my sad petition,
With a wretch that thou be curst."

In this mood he came to Xeres
At the witching hour of night,
And he found the palace open,
Full of revelry and light.
Troops of menials in bright livery
Hastened through that mansion gay,
Through the blaze of countless tapers
Sped the wronged one on his way.
'Till before the bridegroom standing,
Checking there his frantic ride,
Rising firmly in his stirrups,
"In thine honor, night!" he cried!
Swift and true the good lance flew,
Pierced his rival through and through!
Heedless he of dire confusion
Did the caitiff's brand unbrace,
And with valor charging onwards,
To Sidonia turned his face.

—:O:—

ROMANCE.

(EL COMENDADOR ESCRIVA.)

Come, kindly death, with silent steps,
That thy approach I may not see,
Lest the great boon thy coming gives
Should bring once more new life to me.
Come, as the thunderbolt that strikes
When from the highest heaven hurled,
Whose deafening crash ne'er rends the ear,
But wreaks destruction on the world.
Come gently, without noise or strife,
Lest happiness restore my life.

BATTLE OF THE FRENCH AND ARRAGONESE.

It was the holy Sabbath day,
The Sunday known as Palm,
When turbaned Moors fierce battle gave
Against the Oriflamme.
And now the Frenchmen's rank do break—
And now their rout began;
And loud he tried to check their flight,
That Paladin, Roldan.
“Charge once again, ye men of France,
With courage to the fight,
Better to die with good renown,
Than live dishonored knight.”
And once again the French did turn
With valor to the fray,
And deadly onset they did make,
And seventy thousand slay.
Through Altamira's wooded slopes
King Marsins' flight did speed,
Upon a zebra mounted high,
(But not for lack of steed).
The rushing blood his track did mark,
And red the greensward dye,
His groans and words of lament sore
Went echoing to the sky.
“Thy faith, false Mahound, I renounce,
And all thy dread commands;
I graved for thee a silver god,
With marble feet and hands;
In Mecca built for thee a mosque,
Where saints devout oft prayed,

And yet to pleasure thee still more,
 A head of gold I made ;
 Full twenty thousand cavaliers
 Before thy shrine I've slain,
 And thirty thousand more my Queen
 Did for thy sake ordain."

—:o:—

ROMANCE OF KING RODRIGO.

Turn your eyes, oh, King Rodrigo,
 Look at Spain, with war distraught !
 See the ruin and destruction
 Your mad love for Cava wrought !
 See the noble blood in torrents,
 Victims to your lust's foul greed ;
 See the thousand gory corpses
 Where the vultures hungry feed.
*Woe my Spain, thy lustre's dim,
 Lost for Cava, and a whim !*

And our country's glorious banner,
 Centuries writ on fame's bright scroll,
 You, for one soft, wicked pleasure,
 Lost with kingdom, life and soul.
 In a moment sped your fortune,
 And mishap held firmest sway,
 For an ill deed blurs all honors,
 Life and glory fade away.
*Woe my Spain, thy lustre's dim,
 Lost for Cava, and a whim !*

THE ROMANCE OF VIRGILIUS.

Prisoner fast was Virgil taken,
In a dungeon him they fling,
For a treason he committed
In the palace of the king.
Seven long years they held him captive,
And the world forgot his fame,
Till the king one day at chapel
Suddenly recalled his name.
"Tell me now my knights and courtiers,
Where is Virgil, our good friend?"
Up there spake a cavallero
Who the captive's fate would mend;
"Many a year in prison he's languished
Whom your mandate there did send."
"Come to dinner lords and vassals,
Let's to dinner while 'tis light;
When the banqueting is finished,
Visit we the captive knight."
Then outspake the queen so good,
"Without *him* I'll taste no food."
To the prison then they go
Where the knight was captive kept;
"How fill you the hours slow?
Have you dreamed, or prayed, or wept?"
"Puissant monarch, my long tresses
And my beard I comb all day,
Here, in prison, they grew on me;
Here, in prison, they'll turn grey.
Though to-day my seven years end
The term I must in prison spend."

"Hold thy peace, Sir Knight Virgilius,
Waste no time, nor speak in vain;
Of the ten years' doom I gave thee,
Still three years of prison remain."
"Lord and master, if it please thee,
'Till death's hour me detain."
"Knight Virgilius, for thy patience,
Thou shalt sup with me to-night."
"Worn and shabby are my garments
At the feast not fit for sight."
"Others thou shalt have, Virgilius,
Sweet as roses, snowy white."

All were glad who there were present,
Lords and ladies of great fame;
Most it pleased a maid of honor,
Isabella was her name.
Quick they summoned the Archbishop
Who, at bidding, speedy came,
Read the marriage service to them,
Wedded there the knight and dame.

—:o:—

ROMANCE OF RODERICK.

Don Rodrigo Spanish monarch,
For his crown's still brighter grace,
Hath commanded that a tourney
In Toledo should take place.
Seventy thousand noble jousts,
Their long lances did enlance,
And the glorious sports of honor
Much did please the populace.

Then there came Toledo's rulers
Asking for an act of grace,
That on Hercules' old mansion
He another bolt should place.
For it was an ancient custom,
Followed long by Kings of Spain,
When they loitered in Toledo,
They should each one place a chain.
But Rodrigo placed no padlock,
Broke all that were there before,
Thinking in the ancient mansion,
Treasure there would be great store.
When he crossed the dwelling's portal,
All was desolate, dark and drear,
Save a rudely cut inscription
Grimed with dust of many a year.
" 'Tis for thy most dire misfortune,
Monarch, thou this floor dost tread,
Thou hast wrought for Spain's dominions
Conflagration bloody red."
Worked with gold and gems a coffer,
Near a granite column lay,
And behind it dread escutcheons,
Heaven's offended wrath display.
Moorish horsemen, in steel corselets,
Standing grim, in stone, apart,
Swords and spears at monarch pointing,
Cross-bows aimed true at his heart.
Don Rodrigo, struck with terror,
Turned away from further view,
Suddenly the sky was darkened,
And a bolt from heaven flew ;

And fierce flames shot from the mansion,
And a whirlwind savage blew.
Then he sent a goodly army,
To campaign in Afric's land ;
Cavaliers, some twenty thousand,
Formed the sum of Julian's band.
And he crossed the stormy ocean,
With his noble, brave command,
Fierce a tempest raged, and wrecked ships
Some two hundred on the strand.
Five large galleys sank and foundered
On that wild and barbarous shore,
Knights four thousand illy perished
Some four thousand and no more.

—:O:—

ROMANCE OF REDUAN.

With twice a thousand Barbary steeds
Rides Reduan that valiant Moor,
And seizing on whate'er he needs,
The frontier scours o'er and o'er.
From the battlements of Jaen
Gleams he on the sentry's sight,
From Ubed' to Andujar
Like an arrow speeds his flight.
*And Baeza's tocsin note
Bellows forth from brazen throat.*

Silent still their march does come,
Passing swiftly on their way!
Clarions mute and muffled drum,
E'en the steeds refrain to neigh.

But at last the guardian sentries
From their belfry tower on high,
Wildly waving blazing pine knots
With red signals light the sky.
And Baeza's tocsin note
Bellows forth from brazen throat.

Under shield of favoring night
With its vague uncertain light,
Billowy flames behind them rise
Licking with forked tongues the skies.
And their path they ever mark
With fierce murders, blaze and spark,
Ravaged harvests, ruined grain,
Burning huts, and desolate plain.
And Baeza's tocsin note
Bellows forth from brazen throat.

At the unexpected hest
Spring up ready for the fray,
Squires and knights with lance in rest,
Men-at-arms with ballistæ.—
From Jaen and Andujar
Throng the crowds from near and far,
From Ubeda rush to fray,
Form in battle their array.
And Baeza's tocsin note
Bellows forth from brazen throat.

The dawning sun opes wide his portals,
The Christians sally to the plain,
Where the gay array of mortals
Shows the chivalry of Spain.

O'er a league about them thrill
 In the air, the accents shrill,
 Drums and trumpets, bugles, fife,
 Clarion's note, and charger's strife.
And Baeza's tocsin note
Bellows forth from brazen throat.

—:O:—

FROM MY BALCONY.

(TRUEBA.)

Before my house and near my room,
 There dwells my loved one ; face to face ;
 Where clings the jasmin's soft embrace,
 Where every air breathes sweet perfume,
 Because they bloom beneath her care,
 And live upon her beauty rare.
 To me they seem more beauteous still,
 Those plants in which she takes delight,
 And, were it but for this alone,
 I fain would see her day and night.
 Oft through me runs young love's soft thrill,
 At every hour of gloom and light,
 Whene'er I see that figure slight
 In heed bent o'er each tender flower.
 I would be with thee every day and hour!
 My heart with death's deep anguish filled,
 Its love for thee, in words unskilled—
 Can ne'er reveal. Such love it bears !
 Nor show its soul oppressed with cares.
 And, though but narrow streets divide,
 My words ne'er reach o'er to thy side,
 Nor dare I tell in thoughts distinct and clear,
 The pangs that wring my heart as I stand here

THE PROPHECY OF THE MOOR.

When the good King Ferdinando
To Gibraltar siege did lay,
There to conquer or to perish
On the book an oath did say ;
When the last assault was given,
From the earth and from the strand,
And there rendered at discretion
Troops and castle, town and land ;
Tottering forth an ancient Moor came,
Bent beneath a hundred years,
Craving grace from Castile's monarch
To address him without fears.
To the greybeard, downcast, trembling,
Kindly gave the sovereign heed,
And what words the sage then uttered,
I will now declare with speed.
" Many a year I lived in Seville,
Free from cares, in peace did dwell,
'Till at last Spain's conquering legions
From my home did me expel.
For awhile, I lived in Xeres,
But when war his flag displayed,
To thy grandsire, great Alfonso,
Weakly we resistance made.
Then at last, I chose Gibraltar
Of all strongholds most secure,
That would sure oppose thy forces—
Yet 'tis lost now to the Moor.
Go, for fortune smiles upon thee,
Ocean's wave will roar in vain,

Billows ne'er shall stop thy conquests,
 'Till of earth naught more remain.
 Give good heed to what I utter,
 For the end will come some day."
 This, I heard the Moorish prophet
 Unto King Fernando say.

—:O:—

NO TE TARDES.

(JUAN DE LA ENCINA.)

*Do not tarry, for I'm dying,
 Gaoler mine,
 Do not tarry.*

Bend thy steps without delay,
 That my life may longer stay,
 That my faith may not give way.
*Gaoler mine
 Do not tarry, for I'm dying.*

Take from me this weighty chain
 That inflicts on me such pain
 As I barely can sustain.
*Gaoler mine
 Do not tarry, for I'm dying.*

When my eyes first on thee fell,
 Thou didst work on me a spell;
 Loose me now from prison cell.
*Gaoler mine
 Do not tarry, for I'm dying.*

While the key to set me free
 And my best reward shall be
 That thou'lt sometimes think of me.
Gaoler mine
Do not tarry, for I'm dying.

And what time you come this way
 I shall e'er your captive stay
 If kind words to me you'll say.
Gaoler mine
Do not tarry, for I'm dying.

—:O:—

ROMANCE OF COUNT MARTIN AND DONNA BEATRIZ.

A marriage feast was held in France,
 In Paris' city gay,
 And Donna Beatriz bore the palm
 From all that bright array.
 The great Count Martin watched the dame
 With eyes afire and heart aflame.

"Now tell me Count why gaze you here?
 What marvels do you see?
 Is it the dance amazes you?
 Or are your looks for me?"

"'Tis not the dance attracts my eye,
 For many a dance I've seen,
 'Tis your grace and beauty rare,
 Of all fair maids the queen."

“If I have pleased you, my good friend,
Then bear me off from here;
They force on me a husband old,
Whose arm you need not fear.”

—:o:—

ROMANCE.

(CRISTOVAL DE CASTILLEJO.)

Now the fatal hour approacheth,
Hour of parting, fear and grief,
For I'm racked with grievous torments,
And my slumbers are but brief.
Now my beard once black is hoary,
And my face is wrinkled o'er,
And my limbs refuse their office,
I can serve my king no more.
Now I see with shame and sorrow,
Those I knew in boyhood's day,
All are prosperous, rich and healthy,
I am sick, in mean array,
Now 'tis time I should relinquish
Scenes once viewed with loving eye,
For fast vanish all my longings
As the hour of death draws nigh,
And prosperity, so fleeting,
Still before me keeps retreating.

Oh, the emptiness of pleasure,
Vanity of world's mad show,
Grant me furlough, pitying monarch,
Grant me leave—'tis time to go.

RIO VERDE.

Emerald river! emerald river—
Whose pale waves ran gory blood,
'Twixt thy banks and high Bermeja
Died in thousands Spain's best blood.
Dukes and counts by scores were slaughtered,
Noblemen of power and might;
There his last breathed Urdiales,
Man of honor—valiant knight.
In hot haste fled Säävedra
Down a rocky steep defile,
Close behind him came a ren'gade,
Who pursued him all the while,
And with words of flattering softness
Thus to capture him did strive;
"Yield thee, prisoner, Säävedra,
And this day thou mayst survive.
Well I know thee—oft have seen thee
In Seville at jousting play,
Often have I seen thy parents,
And thy wife, Elvira gay.
Seven long years was I thy captive,
And my life was bitter sore.
Now to-day you are *my* prisoner
Else my life I'll breathe no more."
Like a lion turned Säävedra,
At the Moor's defiant word,
Then the Renegade charged upon him
Flashing through the air his sword.
Säävedra, with his long lance,
Threw the caitiff to the ground,

Prone upon the earth the recreant
Breathed his last from his fell wound.
Then around Säävedra clustered
Of the Moors, some thousand spears,
Tore him into million atoms,
'Midst their anger's burning jeers.
Don Alonzo still kept fighting,
Like a knight so brave and bold,
And the steed they slew beneath him
For a bulwark he did hold.
'Till beneath a towering crag
He at last was brought to bay,
Vainly his fierce valor guards him,
Countless Moors still swell the fray.
For in swarms they set upon him,
And they wound him deep and sore,
'Till in death he falls, unconquered,
'Round him corpses many a score.
And the great Count of Ureña
Full of wounds, casts off his pride,
Safety seeking flies the battle
With but one weak tottering guide,
Who well knew each mountain pathway
That would lead to friendly land.
Many a Moor he left there dying,
Victims of his valiant hand.
Yet a few did 'scape in safety
Of the Count's good vassals true.
Don Alonzo, dead, deserted,
Gained from fame his life anew,
With a lustre never ending,
Valor and virtue e'er commending.

ROMANCE OF ABENÂMAR.

“Abenâmar, Abenâmar,
Moor of noblest Moorish guise,
On thy natal day came omens,
Signs and portents ruled the skies.
Quiet calm reigned o’er the ocean,
Luna’s orb was full on high ;
He who’s born beneath such aspects
Surely ne’er can stoop to lie.”
Head erect the Moor made answer,
“Well I note what thou dost say,
Lies shall ne’er my lips dishonor,
Though my life should forfeit pay.
For my father was great Amar,
Christian slave, my mother dear ;
In my youthful childish hours
To her words I oft gave ear.
That the truth should be my comrade,
That to lie was base and mean ;
Ask your questions, noble monarch,
Ne’er my lips shall be unclean.”
“Much I thank thee, Abenâmar,
For thy courtesy this day ;
Say, what are those lofty turrets,
Where bright torches dance and play ?”
“’Tis th’ Alhambra, mighty sov’ reign,
And a mosque stands on the hill,
By its side is Alijares,—
Marvels all of human skill.
Every Moor who labored on them
Got five gold coins, day by day,

And what time they idly rested,
That much forfeit each did pay.
There its head rears Generalife,
There its gardens without peer,
Near it are the Crimson Towers,
Stronghold built for many a year.
Thus King Juan once addressed it
Standing just where we do, here;
'If thou'lt love me, oh Granada,
Be to me a loving wife,
Cities twain, I'll give for dowry,
Cordov' and Seville for life.'
'I'm no maiden, puissant monarch,
I'm no widow, but a wife,
And the Moor who is my husband
Holds me dearer than his life.' "

—:O:—

ROMANCE OF LANCELOT OF THE LAKE.

Three stalwart sons the king possessed,
And only three: no more.
And fierce with wrath, and bitter rage
He cursed them all, full sore.
The eldest to a stag was changed,
And one became a hound,
And one renounced his God and Christ,
And fled to Moorish ground.
For many an hour, in love's soft dream,
Sir Lancelot idly dwelt,
'Till him a dame did thus accost,
For whom he passion felt.

“Oh Cavalier of goodly mien,
If fortune you would gain,
And have me for your wedded wife,
I must one boon obtain ;
The wizard stag with four white feet,
You must for me enchain.”
“It should be yours, oh lady fair,
My courage ne’er should flag,
If I but knew the woodland haunts,
Where roams the wondrous stag.”
Up and away rode Lancelot,
Away for many a league,
And by his side, and ’fore him ran
His hounds, without fatigue.
And once he neared a rocky cliff,
Where was a hermit’s cell,
“God keep thee safe, oh holy man.”
“May heaven keep *thee* well.
You seem to me a hunter bold,
Whose hounds and spear I now behold.”—
“Now tell to me, oh saintly man,
Who dwell’st afar from strife,
Where shall I find the white foot stag ?
Where passeth he his life ?”
“Stay here, my son, and rest thy frame,
Until the day dawn breaks,
I’ll tell thee all I’ve seen and known,
Where he his lodging makes.
For e’en to-night he passed this way,
Two hours ere the break of day,
Fierce lions seven did him guard,
And with them went a spotted pard.

In vain to capture him, full seven
Brave counts of fame did strive,
And many a worthy knight and squire—
But none are now alive.
May heaven ever be your friend,
Where'er you come, where'er you go,
For she who did you hither send,
Must surely be your hidden foe.”
“Ah Quintañones, wicked dame,
May hell's fierce fires thee burn,
Who did so many valiant knights
To lifeless corpses turn.”

—:O:—

THE BATTLE OF RONCESVALLES.

With many a deep and deadly wound,
Came forth old Charlemagne
From battle field his troops had lost
Against the hosts of Spain.
And of his twelve, once known to fame,
Roldan alone did live;
For him nor sword nor sharpened spear
A mortal blow could give.
He knelt before an old stone cross,
In worship prone he lay,
With eyes to heaven's dome upraised
In anguish sore did pray.
“Oh noble heart, oh heart of grace,
Where has thy valor fled?
To leave the field of Roncesvalles
Thus unrevenged—nor dead.—

Oh loyal knights, and brethren true
 You cry with weakening breath,
 That I was but your friend in life
 Deserted you in death."
 He lay in sorrow bowed to earth
 And racked with deepest pain :
 He raised his eyes—before him stood
 His monarch—Charlemagne !
 His brow was sad, his crown was lost
 His visage streamed with gore—
 And when that sight Knight Roldan knew
 His heart beat nevermore.

—:O:—

MY BARK.

(LEONOR BLANDER.)

Shipwrecked alone upon this desert strand,
 • By cruel fate o'erwhelmed—a barren plain ;
 Naught now is left me save this fragile bark
 With which at morn I'll tempt the raging main.

With thee, my skiff, I'll cross the roaring brine,
 And safely 'scape the rocks and billows' foam,
 And if no solace for my cares I find,
 With thee, my bark, I'll sink to my last home.

Oh bark divine, religion, sent from God !
 When storms harass the scenes of daily strife,
 Thou art for me the sun, the way, the light,
 My all, my good, my only guide in life.

Thou art my one, my only steadfast hope,
The flame that feeds my ever failing heart,
When in the maddening crush of life's dread dance
The fainting spirit yields its better part.

—:0:—

ROMANCE.

(LOPE DE VEGA.)

Before the bowered hut of mossy thatch
Where Amaryllis dwelt, a godlike form,
Of years most tender and of thoughts most gay
Of grace and beauty full, of heart more warm
Than when Aurora first doth smile at dawn
Kissing with blushing lips the tender spray,
Weaving a pearly web o'er jasmin's wan,
While dew-drops bright upon each rosebud play;
More bright than Phœbus, when at earliest morn,
From darkened couch he rises fair, and shines
In all the brilliancy of colored ray,
In all the sparkle of a gilded day;
More beauteous far than she, whose chariot drawn
By doves and swans flies radiant on the winds;
A shepherd swain there was, soft Fabius hight,
Who for her sang and sighed all day and night.
Of noblest birth for all the world beside
But lowly-minded lost for her his pride.
His thoughts did lofty reach the sun god's sphere—
Slender his hopes—lest to approach too near
His deity's bright ray should melt his wing,
And in despair's dark gloom him desolate fling.

His gaze was steadfast on the portal closed
That shed eclipse upon his star's bright ray,
But which, both iron and force in vain opposed,
Some glimmering spark on sward and sod would stray.

No gilded sunflower could more constant be,
Turning its course to watch the orb's pure fire,
Than Fabius, ever 'neath his shaded tree,
To view the object of his soul's desire.

His lambkins, strayed and lost, are scattered far,
Among the brambles dense, and osiers wild,
Because his thoughts are fixed upon a star,
And naught of earth can claim his fancies mild.
Hot burns the sun, and cold the moon's pale light,
In rapture bound, he knows nor day nor night,
Nor when 'tis darkness, nor when dazzling bright,
For Amaryllis is his only light!

And when her face beams forth upon his gaze
Forever does he bask in warmest rays;
Slow speed the hours when absent from her view,
Fast rolls Time's wheel when she appears anew;
No troubles then can vex the love-sick boy,
Nor cares oppress, nor sadness e'er annoy.
Careless his shepherds are to his commands,
And at their will, neglect their fleecy bands,
Since he to Amaryllis captive grew;
For that his soul was gone, full well they knew,
They twain becoming one which erst were two.
Upon the elm trees white he sadly gazed,
Thick on whose boughs the clinging vines grew 'round,
And yet no envy in his heart there raised,
For there had jealousy ne'er harbor found,
And envy only dwells where jealousies abound.

In gentle sadness, broken, long-drawn sighs
Of passion full, his soul escapes in cries.

"Perhaps in love's soft tenderness my sweetheart lies
In Thyrsis' arms, bound as the vines and elm."

And tortures deep the shepherd overwhelm,
And bitter tears his troubled eyes distill,
Stung by yet sharper pangs his accents thrill,
The river's bank his loving grief replies.
The name of Thyrsis echoed back full gladly ;—
Slow spake the nymph the name of Fabius—sadly.
And still the love-sick swain his grief outpoured ;
" Far, far above me, art thou, my adored !
But if the soul is wealth, as sages say,

Oh shepherdess, thou must be mine some day !
For thou art dazzling pearl and burnished gold,
And precious stones, and sparkling rubies red ;
And e'en the diamond's shine is bleak and cold
Before thy beauty—valueless and dead.

And he who does not give to thee his soul

For every service fit, and homage yield
To every end thy beauty may control,

To gain thee honor, fame in every field,—
That churl offends thee more with measured zeal
Than they who ne'er thy chains as captive feel.
And while my frame doth breathe beneath my will
So art thou mistress of my destiny still.
My soul resides in thee for thou art heaven ;
Oh prize my gift for it is freely given !

He ceased ; and on an ancient elm that stood near by
He graved these words, while tears streamed from each eye ;
" As Amaryllis in beauty far excels all other dames,
So constant Fabius e'er shall be to suffer in her flames !"

DE HOY A MANANA.

(LOPE DE VEGA.)

'Twixt eve and morn swift rolls Time's flight,
Great Troy was burned within one night,
And Rome its fame forever lost,
And the Armada tempest tossed,
The grandest fleet e'er known to sight.

Eve turns to morn, and ere 'tis done
The rich and poor become as one,
The loved is hated and accursed,
The king, down-trodden and reversed,
The flowing sea ebbs with the sun.

'Twixt eve and morn the heaven so blue
Will quick assume an ebon hue,
The verdant sward will dusky burn,
The fowl of timid flight will turn
And pierce the skies with pinions true.

To-day, the flowers and buds are bright,
To-morrow, falls a withering blight,
The master to a slave is changed,
The mountains to a vale are ranged,
And princely favor is as light.

'Tis said betwixt the cup and lip
There's danger lies of many a slip ;
This fact the wise know well,
For in less time than takes to tell
Dishonor fast may grip.

DEATH OF DE LARA.

'Twas March the seven and twentieth day,
The midnight hour rang,
When through the town of Barcelon',
There sped a bitter pang ;
The heavens were rent with doleful cry,
And high and low were grieved,
For Don Manriquè—Lara's lord,
His last on earth had breathed.
And to his home the corpse they bring
Of him to fame well known,
A velvet pall his form did deck
With gems and precious stone.
And 'round him were escutcheons borne
That showed his royal birth,
From many a pure and kingly line,
The noblest of this earth.
The great De Castros and Manrique,
The bluest blood of Spain,
And Lara's high-born lineage
His straight descent maintain.
And all the bishops marched along,
And all the city's priests,
Brave knights support the noble bier,
And dukes the pomp increased.
In tears burst forth the king and queen,
As smit with grievous pain,
And all the court in tears were turned,
And all the funeral train.
And all the fair were desolate,
And gone were pleasure and joy,

And all their gallants sadly cried,
As pierced with sharp annoy.
And every soldier, courtier, page,
Throughout his tears did say,
"The best of all who've lived on earth
Has gone to heaven this day."
And e'en the humblest soul in town
Came forth in stricken grief,
And counts, and lords, and great grandees,
In weeping found relief;
Yet there one thought for solace was,
When he had passed away,
Although his life on earth might end,
His fame should live for aye.
So deep in grief was Barcelon'
As Troy to flames a prey.

POEMS FROM THE GERMAN.



P O E M S .

THE ROBBER'S WIFE.

(VON ZEDLITZ.)

The sun goes down all bloody red,
As though my darling were pris'ner and dead :
They're waiting below in the rocky glade,
And cower in hiding 'neath crag and shade.

They're crouching in ditches, and 'midst the tall grass
Near the chasm of death where the travelers must pass :
And the gorge is beset, and the ambush is laid,
And a sentinel's placed where the day beams last fade.

Sleep gently, my baby, where 'neath the cool grot
The murmuring rill lulls thy innocent cot,
Sleep gently, my baby, while softly I'll sing
Of the gnomes and the fairies, the elves and their king.

"Ye elves who weave"—Hark ! there the first clang
From the rifle true of my husband rang,
And when he aims his bullet speeds—
His steady hand ne'er fails his needs.

"Ye elves who weave the veil so fine"—
Again—and swift as lightning's shine—
Down in the vale the smoke grows thick,—
Methinks the fray is strangely quick.

"Ye elves who weave the veil so fine
 And hover 'round this babe of mine"—
 Again his gun—I know its tones—
 There is but *one* such weapon owns.

Clang follows clang! No travelers are they—
 'Tis *soldiers* greedy to seize their prey.
 No hopes of *booty* this day to make;
 To-day our *lives* shall be the stake!

Oh, heaven! how cold my forehead's grown—
 I hear *his* rifle's thunder tone.
 I hear't no more—dead silence reigns,
 Oh, how my heart is racked with pains.

I tremble,—totter,—Quick away
 Or we may rue a longer stay!
 The sun's gone down—all bloody red.
 Where lies my darling—prisoner? dead?

—:O:—

HOME AGAIN.

(HEIMKEHR. UHLAND.)

Old mouldy bridge that trembles so,
 Break not beneath my tread;
 Thou tottering rock, keep firm in place,
 That threatenest overhead.
 Stand fast, oh world, and give not way
 Ye heavens' vaulted dome,
 'Till I have reached my sweetheart's hut—
Then welcome death and home!

SONG.

(UHLAND.)

Beside the roaring ocean
A tender damsel waits ;
For many an hour she's angled,
No fish comes nigh her baits.

There gleams upon her finger
A gem of purest ray ;
She binds it to her fishhook
And casts it in the spray.

From out the deep there stretches
A hand, as ivory white,
And on its finger glistens
The ring, with dazzling light.

There rises from the ocean
A knight, so brave and fine,
With coat of mail bespangled
That mirrors the sunshine.

In terror cries the maiden,
"Sir Knight, it cannot be.
Pray give me back my jewel ;
I have no need of thee."

"One angles not for fishes
With sparkling diamond's shine.
The ring I'll keep *forever*,
Forever art thou mine."

COUNT OLAF.

(VON PLÖNNIES.)

Count Olaf rides to the haunted spring
On the spoor of the fleeting stag,
The horns reëcho with silvery ring
From the steeps of the mountain crag.

But, hark! through the rush of the gurgling lymph
Comes another and sweeter strain:
'Tis tender voice of the fountain's nymph,
He lists to the soft refrain.

As the first note thrilled, away from his hand
Flew the hawk and was lost in the clear:
And the hart cowered low, with its head in the sand,
And shivered and shook with fear.

At the second swell of the wondrous sound
His feet from the stirrups he drew,
As the third note rang, with a fearsome bound
The riderless charger flew.

More fierce and more strongly out-toned the soft hest,
And the waves purled a sweet loving lay:
A terrible longing pierced deep through his breast
And he sank—in the arms of a fay.

The brook ripples on by the side of the bourne,
A gurgling, murmuring host;
Forever is silenced that silvery horn,
Forever Count Olaf is lost!

ERL KING'S DAUGHTER.

(HERDER.)

Count Oluf rides out, far and wide,
To bid the guests to meet his bride.

The elves were dancing in Elfinland,
The Erl king's daughter stretched out her hand.

"Welcome Count Oluf, why hurry to pass?
Come tread me a measure upon the green grass."

"I may not tarry—I may not stay—
To-morrow is my wedding-day."

"Come now, Count Oluf, and dance with me
Two golden spurs will I give to thee,

"And a garment of silk so soft and fine,
Which my mother bleached in the pale moonshine."

"I dare not dance—I dare not stay—
To-morrow is my wedding-day."

"Come now, Count Oluf, and dance with me
A bushel of gold shall thy guerdon be."

"A bushel of gold would please me full well
But my soul for that I may not sell."

"And since thou wilt not dance with me
Shall torture and torments thy comrades be."

She dealt him a blow right through the heart,
He ne'er had felt so deadly a smart.

She raised him pale upon his steed ;
" Ride home, Count Oluf, your wife you'll need."

And as he rode home 'cross the moor,
His mother trembled at the door.

" Come now, my son, and tell the tale,
Why is thy cheek so wan and pale?"

" And should not he be wan and pale
Who's traveled in the Elfin vale?"

" Come now, my son, so true and tried,
What message shall I to the bride?"

" Tell her I've ridden in the wood
To test my horse and hound so good."

And as the early morning broke
Up came the bride with all her folk ;

With foaming mead and sparkling wine—
" Where is Count Oluf the bridegroom mine?"

" Count Oluf's ridden in the wood
To try his horse and hound so good."

The bride upraised the tap'stry red,
There lay Count Oluf—and *he was dead!*

THE RING.

(KERNER.)

A knight of unknown 'scutcheon,
From steed of ebon hue,
Entered the kingly palace
Amid a jovial crew.

The knight of unknown armor
Upon his finger wore
A diamond of such wondrous ray
As ne'er was seen before.

The costliest gem on earth
The monarch's diadem graced,
Yet 'fore the stranger's jewel
It seemed like dullest paste.

The monarch bade him gold,
And rank and folk and land ;
Yet still the knight refused
To take it from his hand.

Loud roared the king in anger
To the Chieftain by his throne,
"Hew off the boorish villain's hand
And bring it with the stone."

He drew his sword and made a cut
To sever off the hands—
When lo ! the knight in smoke was gone !
The devil 'fore him stands !

From out the ring red flames flashed,
Firece fire flew forth—'twas *Hell!*
It seized the servants, guards and king,
In flames the castle fell.

—:O:—

THE MAGIC TREE.

(VON ZEDLITZ.)

Methought my days were ended,
Life's turmoils all were by,
My soul an extinct crater,
My heart was cinders dry.

And all my life's long troubles
Into thin air were fled,
And all my joys were vanished,
And all my pains were dead.

I slept and dreamed at midnight
Beneath the wizard oak;
Heaven sent a withering missive,
Its lightning's deadly stroke.

Once more my life came to me,
My blood raced through my veins;
A terror seized upon me
And brought me joys and pains;

And ere my scattered senses
Had given me time to rest,
A raging storm broke on me—
A whirlwind in my breast.

THE AGED MILLER.

(CHAMISSO.)

Loud roars the wild whirlwind in tempest and shriek,
The old mill totters, the mouldy walls creak.

Help heaven! have mercy upon us.

Far off from the mill is the miller the while,
He stands on the brink of a giddy defile.

Help heaven! have mercy upon us.

He braves the fierce tempest, the whirlwind and cloud,
He talks with the storm-fiend in accents uncowed.

Help heaven! have mercy upon us.

His long white hair on the breeze flies unbound,
The words he speaks have a gruesome sound.

Help heaven! have mercy upon us.

"Be welcome, be welcome, ye powers of air,
What tidings ye bring me, now quickly declare."

Help heaven! have mercy upon us.

"My cradle ye've rocked and my childhood ye've taught
And ever have loved me and fortune have brought."

Help heaven! have mercy upon us.

"With lessons of wisdom, my soul ye've well stocked,
With knowledge and learning, by fools ever mocked."

Help heaven! have mercy upon us.

"Oh fools, oh ye fools, ye never have known
What wondrous instruction the wild winds have blown."

Help heaven! have mercy upon us.

"The word becomes deed and the child becomes man,
The zephyr the whirlwind—conceive it who can!"

Help heaven! have mercy upon us.

"Be welcome, be welcome, oh storm ruling king,
And quickly give deed to whate'er ye may bring."

Help heaven! have mercy upon us.

"The measure is full and the time is o'er late,
Destruction and ruin on judgment await."

Help heaven! have mercy upon us.

And lo, as he spake, there blew a fierce gale
That dashed him to atoms far down the deep vale.

Help heaven! have mercy upon us.

Shattered to pieces the old mill lies,
And billows of sand o'er the ruins arise.

Help heaven! have mercy upon us.

—:o:—

A LAMENT.

(UHLAND.)

Buried in one's best life years
Is sure an evil star;
But there's another misery
Surpassing it by far,
When full of heart's warm passion
And tenderness untold,
With true love unrequited
One grows untimely old.

THE ACCEPTANCE.

(VON ZEDLITZ.)

In the soft glamour of a summer's night,
Bedecked with shimmering stars and mellowed light,
The air with balmy perfume filled, and zephyr's moan,
Within the woodland roamed we two—*alone!*
In the soft glamour of a summer's night.

Soul spake to soul although our lips were still,
For hand sought hand and eyes expressed our will,
Her glowing cheek touched mine, so softly pressed,
“Forever thine,” I cried, “with thee how blessed!”
Soul spake to soul although our lips were still.

“Forever thine,” she whispered me again.
The heavens above me seemed as cleft in twain
Its joys once more upon me to impart—
Ah, joys long absent from my aching heart.
“Forever thine,” she whispered me again.

—:O:—

STEADFAST.

(VON ZEDLITZ.)

All the world has lied,
Every hope has died,
All my visions bright,
Long have ta'en to flight;
But there's with me, ever true,
Ever faithful, ever new—
My heart, my smart.

THE DREAM.

(UHLAND.)

In a garden of roses there wandered
Two lovers, hand in hand;
Two weakly, pale-faced shadows,
They dwelt in a fairy land.

They covered their cheeks with kisses,
Their lips were tightly pressed,
Their arms wound 'round each other,
Once more were their hearts at rest.

Two bells clanged loud at day dawn,
Away sped the dreams in the air;
She, lay in a cell in a cloister—
He, far in a dungeon's dark lair.

—:O:—

FAREWELL.

(UHLAND.)

Farewell, farewell, my only love,
To-day our hearts must sever.
Give but one kiss, one tender kiss,
To-day we part *forever*.

Give me a bud, a single bud,
From off thy fav'rite tree,
Nor blossom nor flower shall ever grow
Upon its boughs for me.

TOO LATE.

(VON ZEDLITZ.)

Ah, had I but stayed away !
Love at first sight came that day.
And from loving came such smart,
And such longing, hopes and fears,
And such countless bitter tears,
That in tears I broke my heart.
And that heart, now dulled to feeling,
Life's sweet joys no more revealing,
With my soul's forever fled.
Comes sad Love such pains to shed
(And from seeing is Love fed)
Then 'tis seeing strikes us dead.
Ah, had I but stayed away !
Love at first sight came that day.

—:O:—

THE SADDENED EYE.

(VON ZEDLITZ.)

Along thy eye-lash tarries
A softened moisture clear,
Like the dew on the morning meadow,
And yet it is no tear.

Ah, were it but a droplet !
One tear thine eyes would send—
One tear of hope—of sorrow—
For thy departing friend.

THE HEART.

(NEUMANN.)

The heart hath chambers twain,
Wherein dwell
Soft pleasure and sharp pain.

When pleasure wakes full well,
Then slumbers
Pain in his narrow cell.

Oh Pleasure, have a care !
Speak low—
Lest pain should wake and claim his share !

—:o:—

ON THE LAKE OF GMUNDEN.

(VON ZEDLITZ.)

What mean those waves, so rude and dark;
That surge around my little bark ?
Oh, Nixie, what hast done to me ?
Oh, Nixie, what hast done ?

What shape skims 'round my skiff's sharp prow
And beckons me with hand and brow ?
Oh, Nixie, what hast done to me ?
Oh, Nixie, what hast done ?

What means that arm as white as snow,
What means my bosom's stormy glow ?
Oh, Nixie, what hast done to me ?
Oh, Nixie, what hast done ?

My heart is filled with raptures strange,
My deepest soul has felt a change.

Oh, Nixie, what hast done to me ?

Oh, Nixie, what hast done ?

The earth and sky around me flee—
Down, down—beneath the waves—to thee !

Oh, Nixie, what hast done to me ?

Oh, Nixie, what hast done ?

——:O:——

THE DYING SINNER.

(CHAMISSO.)

The passing bell tolls in the tower,
The grave is dug, grim death is nigh ;
To prayers, to prayers, for e'en *this* hour
May be *your* last beneath the sky !

On her death-bed lies a beauteous dame
Who bitter wails her young life's close ;
In tears she thinks of her sin and shame,
She writhes with terror in conscience' throes.

Awaiting the end her husband stands,
With cold, unfeeling, heedless stare ;
Prone on the floor she grasps his hands
And tells her tale in wild despair.

" Oh God, forgive me in my need !
Oh husband, pardon grant me now !
How bitterly I rue the deed—
Alas—I broke my marriage vow !"

“One confidence deserves another ;
Since thou hast been so frank with me,
I will repay thy words with other,
Thou diest from poison given by me.”

—:O:—

THE THREE SONGS.

(UHLAND.)

In his lofty palace sate Sifrid the King ;
“Ye Harpers! which can most sweetly sing?”
And a youth came forth from the crowd, with a glide,
A harp in his hand and a sword by his side.

“Three songs I know—and the first of the three
Has long been forgotten by thine and by thee.
By thy murderous hand was my brother slain,
Was my brother foully, treacherously slain.

“The next of my songs one night came to me
In a whirlwind of fire and storm and wild sea.
That thou shalt strive with me for life and for death,
That our swords shall cross for life and for death.”

Then leaned he his harp on the walls so old,
And drew they their sabres, determined and bold,
And crashing and clashing accompanied their fray
’Till the king sank o’erpowered to vengeance a prey.

“Now sing I the third, sweetest song of them all,
A song that will ne’er on my senses pall.
In his red, red blood, king Sifrid lies,
Dead in his blood King Sifrid lies.”

THE FAITHFUL STEED.

(KERNER.)

Count Turneck came, o'er a path untrod,
As the night cloud fell, to a house of God.

The church lay buried in a wood
And in its nave a king's tomb stood.

The Count resolved to rest that night,
He thought his wounds were only light;

Dismounted from his steed and said,
"Graze here. I come when night be sped."

The door swang open with dismal groan,
In silence he entered the church, alone.

In gloom and in darkness he groped around
'Till an empty coffin at last he found.

"To-night shall my body here rested be.
Old mouldy wood, break not under me!"

He lay full length without dread or fear,
And slumbered on the worm eat' bier.

The morning sun its radiance shed :
He came not forth. *The Count was dead !*

Century on century rolled away,
The steed still pastured, day by day.

E'en now is seen, at the drear midnight,
The steed stands *there* in the cold moonlight.

HENRY IV AND V.

(MAX VON OER.)

Where Speiers' suburbs reach the plains,
A graybeard struggles in death's pains ;
His couch is hard, his comforts few,
And bitter tears his cheeks bedew.

No kindly soul sits near his bed,
Grim death alone stands at his head,
And as he dealt his deadliest pang
On the still midnight came a wondrous clang.

The kaiser tocsin, dumb many a year,
By mortal untouched, tolled slow and drear,
And all the chime, both great and small,
In solemn chorus swelled the call.

Then spread the tidings far and wide,
"To-day the emperor has died.
The kaiser's dead, the kaiser's dead,
Can *no one* say where rests his head?"

In Speiers, that regal city old,
There lies upon a bed of gold,
With breaking eye and heavy hand,
Henry, fifth emperor of that land.

The menials hasten to and fro,
The rattling throat heaves deep and slow,
And as death dealt his deadliest pang
On the still midnight came a wondrous clang.

The sinner's bell, long idle hung,
At executions only rung,
And ne'er another joined the tone—
So tolled it sad and tolled *alone*.

Then spread the tidings far and wide,
"Some one to-day by hangman died.
Who can the wretched sinner be.
And say where stands the gallows tree?"

—:O:—

THE VENGEANCE.

(UHLAND.)

The squire hath murdered his knight for gold ;
The squire would fain be a warrior bold.

He slew him by night upon a drear field,
And in the deep Rhine his body concealed.

He braced on the armor, so heavy and bright,
And mounted the steed of his master, the knight.

And as he rode over a bridge 'cross the Rhine
The charger 'gan fiercely to rear and to whine.

As the golden spurs in his flanks did go,
The squire was cast in the stream's wild flow.

With foot and with hand he struggles in vain,
By the armor drawn down, he ne'er rises again.

A DANISH BALLAD.

(HARTMAN.)

Upon King Alfred's wedding-day
A terrible storm blew o'er land and o'er sea,
The Bishop so young, in his Talar gray,
Hath married the pair and a blessing did pray.
Heigh ho ! 'twas a gruesome night.

The Bishop so young, himself was sprung
From a kingly stock of the oldest blood,
And 'neath the gown that o'er his breast hung
Roared his passions in angry flood.
Heigh ho ! 'twas a gruesome night.

How fain would he himself have been
The bridegroom of that charming bride ;
But long had he been freed from sin
And no thought of love in his breast dare hide.
Heigh ho ! 'twas a gruesome night.

And to the pious blessing he asked,
Like a poison drop in the sweetest wine,
A deep, deep curse in his prayer he masked,
Which none there knew by word or sign.
Heigh ho ! 'twas a gruesome night.

And as she entered the nuptial shrine
Away turned the saints, every face from the twain,
The flickering lamps gave a dismal shine,
King Alfred's heart grew wild with pain.
Heigh ho ! 'twas a gruesome night.

“And war'st thou untrue or in thought or in deed?”
She sobs “Nay never” and swears by the ma-s.
A beaker of wine he orders with speed,
And a small black bead he adds to the glass.
Heigh ho! 'twas a gruesome night.

A prayer for the dying the Bishop did say,
While the bride seized the goblet and quaffed it amain,
A blessing once more the Bishop did pray,
While the terrible storm raged o'er sea and o'er plain.
Heigh ho! 'twas a gruesome night.

—:O:—

THE DUETT.

(REINICKE.)

There sate a birdie in the shade,
In the calm, quiet, cool, stilly, May night;
Beneath in the grass, there lay a maid,
In the cool quiet still May night.
When sang the maid, the bird was still;
When silence reigned, the bird did trill;
And echo pale, prolonged the tale,
Throughout the moon illumined vale.

What tones gave out that songster's note,
In the cool, quiet calm stilly May night?
What lay poured from that maiden's throat,
In the cool quiet calm May night?
Of sunny spring, the bird's note rang,
Of love's delights, the maiden sang;
And how that song my heart did throng,
I'll ne'er forget my whole life long.

THE DUEL.

(HEINE.)

High on yonder mountain's summit,
Stands a castle veiled in night;
In the valley gleam bright lightnings,
Whirling swords with blazing light.

Those stern fighters are two brothers,
Madly hungering for a life;
Speak and tell us now the reason
Of this wild nefarious strife?

For the love of Countess Laura
Have both hearts with wrath been swayed;
And they've drawn their murderous weapons
To possess the beauteous maid.

Which one of the two combatants
Can the fair one's favor boast?
Neither, has she more inclined to—
Sword! thy point shall do the most!

And they duel, bold, determined,
Clashing, flashing, blow on blow,
Thrusting blindly in mad darkness,
Stumbling 'midst the bushes low.

Woe, ye fratricidal monsters!
Woe, ye vale of bloody zeal!
Each one falls to earth prostrated
By his brother's bloody steel.

Generations have departed,
Centuries have rolled away;
On the hill side, sadly gloomy,
Stands the castle to this day.

But when eve falls on that valley,
Strange the tale the peasants say,
As the church bells toll out midnight,
Once more clangs the brother's fray!

—:O:—

THE CALM WHITE WATER LILY.

(GEIBEL.)

The calm white water lily
Swims on the dark blue mere,
Its dewy leaflets tremble,
Its neck as snow is clear.

The moon shines out from heaven,
With burnished, golden ray,
And all the glittering beamlets
Deep in her bosom play.

There circles 'round the flower
A swan, as ivory white,
And gazing at the lily
He sings so sweet, so light.

The lay is soft and tender
His dying notes prolong.
Oh lily, purest lily,
Can'st thou well read his song?

BELSHAZZAR.

(HEINE.)

The midnight hour onwards pressed ;
All Babylon was sunk in rest.

Save where the palace stood on high,
Belshazzar held wild revelry ;

Where, in the chamber filled with lights,
The king caroused among his knights.

Around sate his minions, in purple's rich fold,
And quaffed mighty bumpers from beakers of gold.

Deep clanged the bright goblets, wild revelled the guest',
The king's stubborn heart swelled with pride in his breast.

The wine's reddest glow burns in his mad cheeks,
And many a wicked thought he speaks.

And blindly his madness his soul onwards spurred
'Till he blasphemed the Godhead with direst of word!

And he swore and he raged in his infamies wild,
While the servile crew mean flatteries smiled.

And he shouted an order with eyes aflame—
Away one hurried and back quick came,

And brought of gold vessels a heavy load
That once served the worship of Israel's God.

And with his rash hands polluted by sin
The king seized a chalice and poured the wine in ;

And raised it to his lips so vile
And drained it and cried with drunken smile,

“ Jehovah, this drink I to thee in scorn,
For *I* am the King in Babylon.”

Yet scarce had the sound died away on the ear
In his bosom there came a gruesome fear.

And shouting and laughter ceased sudden with all,
And silence like death reigned supreme in the hall.

While in horror and terror and wonder all stand
For lo ! *on the wall seems a human hand !*

That wrote and wrote on the marble so white
With letters of fire, and vanished from sight.

With staring eyes and bated breath
The king sate motionless, a living death.

And the roystering crowd were filled with dread,
Were silent and motionless as dead.

The Magi came at the king's command,
But none these words could understand.

That very night by his menial train
That impious monarch in sleep was slain.

NIGHT SONG.

(GEIBEL.)

Bright shines the moon's cold splendor
O'er forest, hill and dale ;
Where rests in silence tender
The weary earth so pale.

In dream the trees are waving,
Soft purl the babbling streams,
Angels with song are laving
In the clear balmy beams.

Light on the breeze are swinging,
With many a sigh profound,
Fancies of love, still clinging
O'er those in slumber bound.

Deep glitters in that vale dark
Soft light where dwells my dear ;
Far off beyond that faint spark
Lies all the world so drear.

—:O:—

A WISH.

(VON ZEDLITZ.)

But a trifle's my desire,
Yet how far is it from me !
From the host of heavenly fire
One small star *my own* to be,
And what heaven, earth and sea
Else contain—*are naught to me.*

PERGOLESE.

(GEIBEL.)

Now the master's work doth end,
And his pious thanks ascend
 To the Almighty on His throne;
And there swell in waves of might
Through the arched dome's sombre light
 Holy hymn and organ tone.
 Stabat mater dolorosa, etc.

And the heavenly mother's smarts
Pierce with bitterness all hearts,
 As the organ deeper roars;
Yet such tones of godlike sweetness
Must all pains disperse with fleetness
 While compassion's tear outpours.
 Quis est homo qui non fletet, etc.

Pious shudder, holy fright,
Seize the master's soul with might,
 Death's forebodings grow apace;
Yet he turns in faith and trust
To the altar of the just,
 To the Madonna's form of Grace.
 Mihi jam non sis amara, etc.

Hark! outtone sweet seraph's lays
In the song the earth-born raise,
 And the ear is filled with dread.
From these scenes of dust and clay
Angels bear the master 'way,
 While the deep chant onwards sped.
 Fac me cruce custodiri, etc.

WHEN TWO HEARTS DRIFT ASUNDER.

(GEIBEL.)

When two hearts drift asunder
Whose love hath oft been told,
There goes a wail of sorrow
So great as heart can hold.
The cry rings out so drear and sore
"Farewell ! farewell, forevermore !"
When two hearts part forever
Whose love hath oft been told.

What time I first discovered
That love may rend in twain,
The sun seemed veiled in darkness,
And black night come again.
My ears grew sad o'er tidings sore,
"Farewell, farewell forevermore !"
What time I first discovered
That love may rend in twain.

My springtide turned to sadness,
The cause I well can say,
The lips I kissed in gladness,
Are changed to dumb, cold clay.
A single word breathed weak and sore—
"Farewell, farewell forevermore."
My springtide turned to sadness,
The cause I well can say.

THE BIRD OF GOOD LUCK.

(CHAMISSE.)

In a flowery bosque there flies a bird
That chirps and sings "come hither to me."
In a bed of roses there sings a bird,
Then in the wood, on the plain is heard,
Then o'er the moorland and over the sea.
And he who can that bird ensnare
Forever free from pain and care
And all mishap shall be.

O'er a blossoming bank there sings a bird—
"Oh, would I could fether that bird to me!"
In a flowery bosque there trills a bird,
Then from the meadow, the forest is heard,
Then over the mountains and over the sea.
"Oh, could I but that bird entrap
Forever free from all mishap
And care and pain I'd be."

Deep in the grove ran the boy for the bird—
"That bird I'll catch and keep by me."
From the flowery bosque out flew the bird,
In the wood, o'er the plain, on the mountain was heard,
Then o'er the moorland and far out to sea.
And could the boy that bird ensnare
Forever free from pain and care
And all mishap he'd be.

ES STEHT IM MEER EIN FELSEN.

Amidst the foaming billows
 There stands a stalwart rock,
 The angry waves wash o'er it,
 It yields not 'neath their shock.

High on the mountain's summit
 A tower o'erlooks the vale,
 The whirlwinds roar around it
 But ne'er a stone does fail.

A hurricane fierce rages,
 The storm-king rides the breeze,
 The leaves are torn and scattered,
 Like iron stand the trees.

Th' Almighty's truth's eternal,
 More firm than tower or rock,
 It blooms and grows unyielding
 And breasts the storm's wild shock.

—:O:—

HÖR' ICH DAS LIEDCHEN.

(HEINE.)

Whene'er I hear that song again
 My darling used to sing,
 My breast is racked with savage pain,
 My heart doth madly spring.

A gloomy yearning sends my soul
 Into the forest drear,
 Where misery beyond control
 Bursts forth in many a tear.

IN APRIL.

(GEIBEL.)

Oh dewy eve in spring tide,
How dear art thou to me!
The heaven with clouds becurtained,
And scarce a star I see.

And like young love's soft breathings,
The zephyr fans the moor,
There rises from the valleys
A violet odor pure.

I would my song were gifted
This evening's soul to paint;
I ne'er can seize the key-note,
So gloomy, tender, faint.

—:O:—

FIRST MEETING.

(VON ZEDLITZ.)

I met a beauteous maiden,
Whose thoughts were pure as snow,
Her voice was like a mellow flute,
My heart was in a glow.

Her words were full of wisdom,
Her soul, of feelings strong,
She *seemed* a perfect woman—
Though probably I'm wrong.

THE TWO KINGS.

(GEIBEL.)

Two kings held wassail in Orkadäl;
Bright burned the brands in the vaulted hall.

The harpers sang gaily, the beakers flew 'round,
But the kings fixed in anger their looks on the ground.

Then outspake the one: "The girl must be *mine*;
Whose brow's like the snowflake: whose blue eye's divine."

In grimmest of wrath the other replied,
"I've sworn she is *mine* and I never have lied."

No words more were spoken, the kings both arose
And seized each his falchion and faced each as foes.

In silence they stalked from the warm bright hall—
Deep, deep lay the snow on the castle's wall.

The pine knots faint flicker: the steels blaze with light:
A grave found two kings in Orkadäl that night.

—:0:—

A FRANK CONFESSIOIN.

(VON ZEDLITZ.)

I have a little darling,
A young and loving belle,
I love her not to madness,
Although I love her well.

She is no worse than others
And well deserves my heart,
Yet am I very happy
When we are—*far apart*.

SERENADE.

(REINICKE.)

In the heavens rest the planets,
Moon and stars their watch do keep,
On the earth, a little garden
Shimmering bright in flowers doth sleep.

Nigh the garden stands a cottage,
Bowered groves its doors o'erthatch,
At its tiny gable windows,
Singing angels hold their watch.

——:O:——

DIE LIEBE SASZ ALS NACHTIGALL.

(GEIBEL.)

Once Cupid, like a nightingale,
In a rose bush sate and sang,
The tones melodious, soft and clear
Throughout the green wood rang.

And as he sang there circled 'round
A thousand perfumes rare ;
The trees their branches lightly waved,
And gently breathed the air.

The brooks kept silence, that were wont
To babble from the hill ;
Fast as in dream, the roebucks list
To where the weird notes thrill.

And bright and brighter, note by note,
 The sun shot burnished beams ;
 And flowers and wood and deeps drank in
 His golden rosy gleams.

In silence bound, I walked the wood,
 And listened to the plaint :
 Ah, what since that sweet hour I've sung
Was but its echo faint !

—:O:—

VIOLET HIDDEN IN THE FIELD.

(REINICKE.)

Violet hidden in the field
 As with hope from view concealed,
 Violet, rejoice with me,
 Sunshine comes some day to thee.

Sunshine comes with love's warm beams,
 Fills thy soul with blissful dreams,
 Dries the tear that blurs thine e'e,
 Violet, rejoice with me.

—:O:—

TIME IS EVER DOING.

(GLEIM.)

Roses blossom, bud, decay,
 'Morrow never cometh,
 Let no hour slip away,
 Fast old Time's sand runneth.

To delay a kindly deed
Oft hath brought sore rueing.
Live this moment: take good heed—
Time is ever doing.

—:o:—

THE SON OF SORROW.

(FROM THE SWEDISH.)

Near the wild waves' lonely strand
Sate Sorrow once, from heaven bann'd,
And with her hands, in thoughtless play,
A human figure formed of clay.

Zeus came and asked "what's this, I pray?"
" 'Tis but a lifeless shape of clay.
Oh grant my wish,—with power divine
Breathe life into this image mine."

"So let it be: but then he's mine
By virtue of my craft divine."
"No, no," responded Sorrow sad,
"He is my own, my chosen lad.

" 'Twas I who formed him of this earth."
"But 'twas my breath that gave him birth."
Then outspake Earth, "*I have a claim*
Upon this being of sin and shame.

"From out my bosom torn he came,
And I my rights must back reclaim."
"Saturn," said Zeus, "shall judge the case,
We'll plead before him face to face."

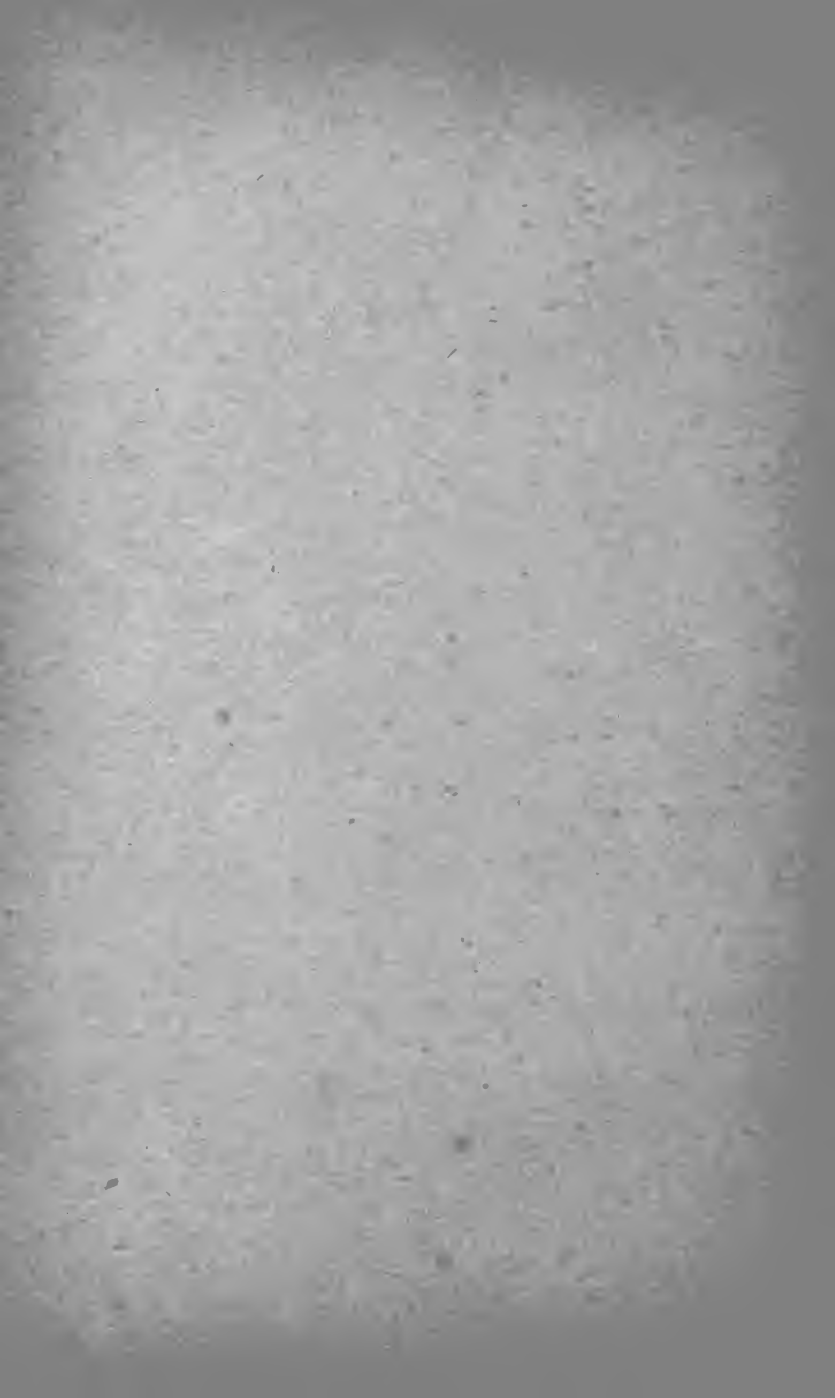
The judgment was "let none complain.
All three shall property retain.
Zeus gave him life : so, when he dies,
His soul shall mount beyond the skies.

" When soul's forever hushed in sleep,
His frame, oh Earth, is *thine* to keep.
But thine, oh Sorrow, all his days
Of life to walk within thy ways.

" And while his feet on earth delay
Thou shalt be with him every day,
Thy saddening sigh his breath shall be,
His face a counterpart of thee."

So spake the Almighty's dread command,
That while runs out Time's fleeting sand,
In *life* man is to sorrow given,
In *death* to earth—*his soul to heaven !*









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